

This text was written by Donald Powell:

March 15, 1985

Some family 'history' gleaned
at 134th Birthday Party for the City of Carbondale.

Before the ceremony :

Jay Cerra was there, and seated on the outside of the side aisle.

I took a seat on the inside of the side aisle. After a while Jay Cerra came and sat next to me.

First he showed me a sheet of typed "Italian" jokes.

Later he asked about WSP, and told me a story about how he and WSP went fishing at Mud Pond. Jay had perforations from Hendrick and used them for "jigging" for fish. WSP was using tip-ups. Jay Cerra said he got lots of fish and WSP only got one or two. Jay Cerra said he came because it was a birthday party for him, since he is 67 today.

After the ceremony :

Joe Moro asked "how's your Mother, how's your Dad ?

Joe recollected about HLRP :

WAR used to say . he "had to get home to see how his 'boy' is doing".

"Oh she was a tom boy," said Joe about HLRP.

Joe was talking about how 'the country' has changed.

One used, on being in the country, hear the sounds of people everywhere, the sounds of people working in the fields, the sounds of men working with teams - "whooh, get up there boy".

When Joe was a boy one would go to the country and 'boy would one eat well'.

We used to come home as round as a barrel in the belly.

Now, Joe says, it breaks his heart to see the fields and pastures growing full of brush and trees.

Joe asked what the relation was between WAR and the Russells on the Crystal Lake Road. He said he knew they were related but just how he was not sure.

Joe fondly recalled how WAR who used every day to go by the Moro house would sometimes say "come on Joe, you can drive the team" and Joe would be given the reins when WAR was either going to town with the milk, or coming home.

"Oh he was a grand man," said Joe about WAR.

"Two things I remember about Will Russell, he was always in a hurry and he was always working," said Joe at the end of our conversation .

Joe Moro on W.A.R.

As I was leaning on a counter in the Home Economics room after the ceremony making some notes so I could write the above two descriptions, Charlotte Moro from quite a distance away called out to me, "Oh you don't have to write a love note to me." I smiled and called back to her, "Dear Charlotte, how do I love thee, let me count the ways." She laughed and then put her elbows down on a counter near her and began to chat with the there assembled politicians.